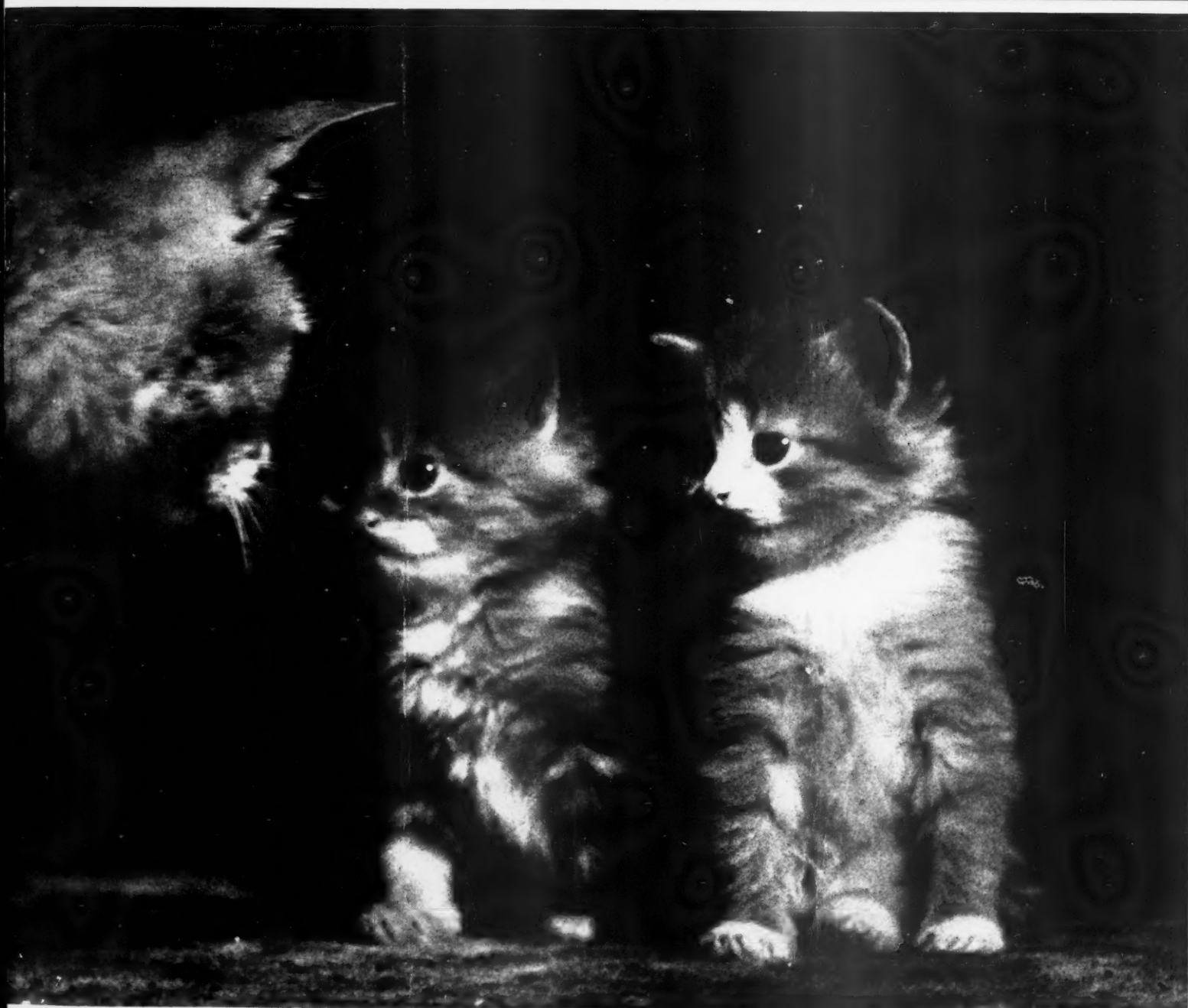


# Animals

OUR DUMB

OCTOBER

1947



"—AND DON'T EVER LET ME SEE YOU DO THAT AGAIN!"

—Photo, Alice I. Armstrong

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS  
and the  
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW  
Assistant Editor — KATHARINE H. PIPER



#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, sixty cents each, within the United States, one dollar each in Canada or foreign countries.



MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

#### IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.



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# Animals

OCTOBER, 1947

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, 1868

PUBLISHED BY

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## "O. D. A."

ON June 2nd, 1868, the first edition of *Our Dumb Animals* was published in Boston by our Society, making it the first magazine of its kind in the world. It has been published monthly ever since, never having missed an issue, and it will shortly complete eighty years of service in the cause of animal protection and Humane Education.

Mr. Angell, with farsightedness and creative imagination, foresaw its influence immediately and, combining courage and determination with diplomacy, he soon persuaded the Boston Police Department to distribute the first edition of 200,000 copies. Soon afterwards subscriptions began to come in, and today—eighty years later—*Our Dumb Animals* is still the most widely circulated magazine of its kind in this or any other land.

In its pages Mr. Angell fought every conceivable kind of cruelty and also found time to discuss many other topics, ranging from a special type of life-saving boat to air-conditioning of a sick president's bedroom. He denounced fearlessly the big-game hunting expeditions of President Theodore Roosevelt and he had the satisfaction of seeing live pigeon-shooting abolished by law—a cruel practice he had fought vigorously in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Mr. Guy Richardson, who edited the magazine for many years, was not only a splendid editor but a very capable writer, who carried on the Angell tradition for more than thirty years.

Dr. Rowley's editorials and articles in the magazine during his Presidency won for him a world-wide audience. His writings on "The Great Cruelty" created in this country a public opinion in favor of humane methods of slaughtering cattle, swine and sheep.

"The Humane Idea," written by Dr. Rowley about 1912, and which first appeared in *Our Dumb Animals*, is undoubtedly the most concise history on the humane movement ever created. Among other articles by Dr. Rowley which received national acclaim were "The Relation of the Home to Character Formation" and "The Animal or the Child."

Like Mr. Angell, Dr. Rowley was also a fearless writer, and through his many years as President of our Society the magazine grew in size and in social influence. It will continue in the future to follow in the footsteps of these illustrious pioneers.

E. H. H.

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# Another Branch Added

Posing for the occasion are (left to right): President Eric H. Hansen, Miss Katherine M. Foote, Miss Katharine Cornell, Treasurer Albert A. Pollard, and "Snookie" with her three puppies.



**F**OR eighty years our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been growing constantly. Each year has seen an increase in its service to the citizens of the Commonwealth—to their pets and to neglected and abused and homeless animals everywhere.

We have eleven agents stationed strategically to cover the various counties, to answer complaints of cruelty, to investigate wherever animals may be congregated.

In addition to our two hospitals, in Boston and Springfield, we have seven small animal shelters and five branches and auxiliaries.

And now we have added to this list a new branch and animal shelter on Martha's Vineyard, formerly operated by the Martha's Vineyard Animal Rescue League. To the present physical equipment which is enclosed by about an acre of land, our Society plans to build a new shelter, employ a full-time agent and

driver and has already provided a new ambulance so that the Island may be even more adequately covered than formerly.

During the summer months, Dr. W. D. Jones from our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital visited the new branch every Wednesday to operate the clinic and he continues to visit the shelter the rest of the year whenever necessity requires. With the full-time agent, and the clinic operated by a most capable veterinarian, we feel confident that the residents of Martha's Vineyard will be assured that animal welfare on the Island is being adequately provided for and that summer visitors will no longer stay away because of a lack of service for their pets. Plans are being formulated to give the Island's animal population as complete veterinary care as present conditions warrant.

No story of animal protection on Martha's Vineyard could even be started without mention of the name of Miss Katherine M. Foote, for it is Miss Foote who has initiated every move toward the alleviation of suffering on the part of animals since the inauguration of the Martha's Vineyard Animal Rescue League.

Not only does she know every animal on the Island, but every animal knows her and looks to her as a mentor. For many years she has labored unstintingly in the cause of animal welfare, opening her home to every animal in need of succor and establishing on her own premises the headquarters of the society.

Although not ready to relinquish her activities, Miss Foote has looked ahead into the years to come and it was for that reason that she asked our Society to take over the work and made an outright gift of her own home as an already established base of operations.

It was altogether fitting that our Society appoint Miss Foote as manager of this branch so that she may carry on the work which is so dear to her heart. Working with Miss Katharine Cornell, former president and now chairman of the local committee, we feel sure that our new branch will prosper in care and understanding of all animals.

Our thanks go to all the directors of the former society for their cooperation and especially to Mrs. William M. Butler, wife of former United States Senator William M. Butler. Mrs. Butler has been most active and cooperative in working with us and with Miss Foote in the consummation of plans to take over the operation of our new branch.



Martha's Vineyard headquarters and home of Miss Katherine M. Foote, Manager.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Photo by Lewis T. Reed

Any dog, anywhere is sharp enough to do this—and very successfully, too.

*Perhaps not the answer, but some good illustrations of—*

## Canine I.Q.

By SAM LA VALLEE

**A**RE purebreds smarter than mongrels? Or, is canine intelligence a reflection of the owner and environment? Let us see.

A veterinarian has a pet, a purebred fox terrier. "Tiny" is part and parcel of his establishment. A dog was hospitalized with a fractured vertebra and Tiny became the helpless animal's self-appointed Florence Nightingale. She stayed near him, shooed flies from him, brought him bones she scared up. Moped, too, when he went home!

"Tip," a mixed collie on a western turkey farm, gave himself the task of guarding the turkey sheds. During the growing and fattening months nothing could budge him from his vigil. But late each year, come dressing time, he left the sheds, his job done, and settled himself at the farmhouse door. When brooding time rolled around again he returned to his post.

Students at Colorado State College A & M smile, recalling that purebred English setter. Hospitalized for a skin ailment, the dog received treatment every other day. He recovered and was taken home. Two days later, he came wagging into the treatment room of the small animal clinic. He had made his way

through the front offices and down corridors to reach it. The amused students rubbed some harmless oil on him—then, sent him packing. Two days later, he returned. He'd still be coming back, they figure, if they hadn't informed his surprised owner.

A Connecticut author taught his mixed German shepherd perseverance in dislodging the ticket from beneath the string around his laundry bundle. He also taught "Patsy" to bring in his newspaper. One day, she found two chairs, opposite each other in a narrow hall, blocking her passage. The folded newspaper protruding from each side of her jaw caught on the chairs. Her efforts to plow through scuttled, she dropped the paper; surveyed the situation. Finally, she picked it up obliquely and skimmed between the chairs, tail flying.

On their ranch, high in the Rockies, the Smiths keep a purebred Chesapeake Bay Retriever, "Rusty." Mr. Smith works in Denver, but returns to the ranch each afternoon late. Chickens roam the place and Rusty ordinarily ignores them completely. But promptly at four-thirty, each afternoon, he goes out to the driveway and goes into action. Rushing and snapping, his tail swishing, he sweeps

the driveway clear of chickens for his master's car to chug in.

At the Phillips' Veterinary Hospital, at Lakewood, Colorado, the owners keep a mixed chow watchdog. "Buster" resents anyone roaming on his domain at the back of the place. But he seems to know that those who come with their pets to the waiting-room door out front are okay. Buster had always used the back door when he wanted to get in, except for two occasions. That was when he cut his paw, and the time he sprained his leg. Then he appeared at the waiting-room door, whining to get in.

Helen Gardiner, a worker for a humane society, owns a purebred springer spaniel, "Napoleon." His mistress is rarely without a few stray cats for whom she is seeking homes. Napoleon is friendly toward these felines and takes an interest in his mistress' ministrations for them.

One day, the dog appeared at the back door, a feebly wriggling bit of fluff held gently in his jaws. Wagging his tail, he dropped the nearly starved kitten at his mistress' feet.

Environment or heredity? Which do you think?

## ANIMAL LORE



*In the Autumn*

### The RUFFED GROUSE

GROWS A FRINGE OF SHORT,  
STIFF HAIRS ON ITS TOES.  
DURING THE WINTER THESE  
SERVE AS SNOWSHOES.

## Unsung Hero

A LARGE dog owned by the Palfini family, and a small terrier owned by Raymond Knight, of Hartsville, were pals for a long time. They played together daily and often went on trips together into the surrounding woodlands.

One evening last winter, the little terrier did not come home. The owner called him and searched late into the night but no one had seen him since morning. Next day the big dog came looking for his playmate but the little fellow was nowhere to be found. Mr. Knight concluded that some passing autoist probably picked up the cunning little dog and carried him away.

The afternoon of the fourth day, the large dog came flying into the Knight yard, barking frantically. He sought out Mr. Knight in the rear of the premises and barked up into his face and leaped upon him. Then he ran out into the road again and back to Mr. Knight. This performance continued for some minutes. Finally Mr. Knight decided to accompany the dog. He went out to the road and turned off into an old wood road. Mr. Knight followed. The dog would run ahead a way and then return to make sure that the man was following him. They continued to the end of the wood road and then entered into the woods. For about a mile and a half, they traveled through the dense undergrowth, and deep snow.

Then the big dog darted ahead and soon Mr. Knight heard him barking furiously a short distance away. Mr. Knight hastened to the spot—and there he found his little terrier lying almost unconscious in the snow, his forepaw caught fast in the jaws of a steel trap!

Mr. Knight spoke to the little fellow and the dog feebly wagged his tail in recognition. Then Mr. Knight opened the trap and let the little paw free, and picking up the shivering little body, he carried the little dog home with the big one leaping and dancing beside him all the way.

Kind hands and loving care soon put the little terrier on his feet again, and once more the two dog friends run and play together through the fertile fields of lovely Hartsville.

Check up another unsung hero in animal-land!

## Greater Love

SAMPA" was the most intelligent dog I have ever known.

Without missing a work day, for nearly nine years he dashed out of the house at the stroke of six, tore down the street to the corner of University Avenue where the crosstown car stopped. It was usually nip and tuck between Sampa and the car. Uncle Fred alighted amid joyous barks and happy whimperings. Home again, Sampa scampered up the stairs returning with Uncle's slippers, one at a time, dropping them at Uncle's feet by the old morris chair. Uncle and Aunt loved Sampa—they had no children.

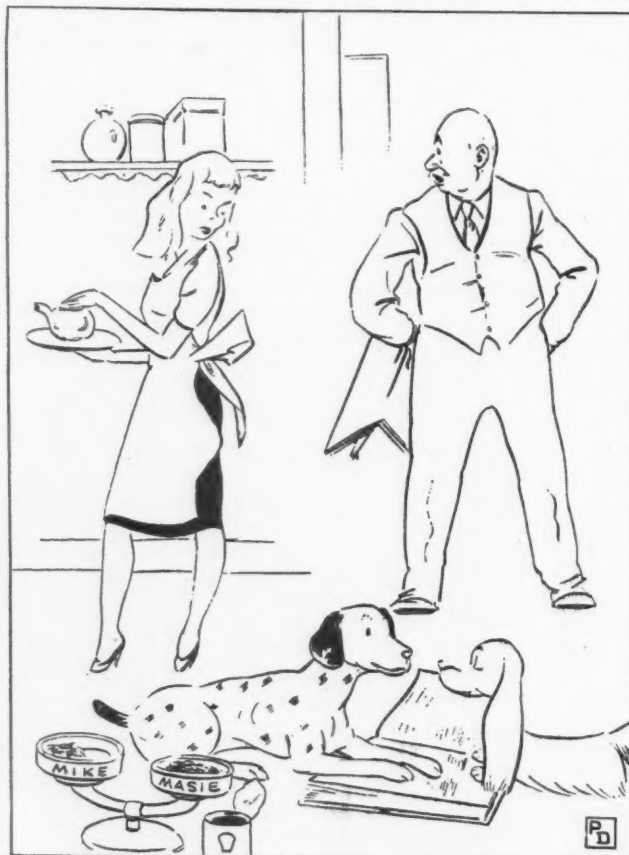
The neighborhood children were especially fond of Sampa. But above all Sampa loved Uncle Fred. One day the clock struck six but Sampa did not go to meet Uncle Fred. When my Aunt entered the bedroom, there was Sampa lying by Uncle's bed. She spoke to him, but he did not respond. Then she looked at the clock and saw that it was after six. Slowly, Sampa raised his head as the telephone rang. The call notified my Aunt that Uncle Fred met with an accident, and had been taken to the hospital. He died the following day.

All during this time Sampa never moved from his position by the slippers, at the foot of Uncle's bed, nor would he eat. He just lay there in that position, with his head between his paws, until he died, several weeks later.

Died of a broken heart, for Uncle Fred.

—Luise McDermott

## MIKE & MASIE by Andrew L. Peterson and Tom Farley



"Night after night . . . ever since you brought home that book on puppy love."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



**M**AN demonstrates his love for his pets, oftentimes to the exclusion of near relatives, in the drawing up of his last will and testament.

Dogs and cats are the animals most often named as beneficiaries in wills. Sometimes they receive outright gifts, and at other times there are set up for them trust funds to be administered by friends or relatives of the testator.

"Buster" was an eight-year-old tiger cat, which, three years ago in Boston, fell heir to a \$40,000 estate. His owner willed comparatively insignificant amounts to two relatives because of what he called "their cruelty to my cat." The following year, however, "Buster" himself died, leaving no will.

Last year, a Los Angeles school teacher left \$16,000 to her six cats and four dogs, asking that her two sisters care for the animals. The sisters themselves?—they got \$900 and \$257, respectively.

In most such cases, the courts have upheld the provisions of the wills to the dismay of relatives. A will probated in Tomahawk, Wisconsin, in 1935, left a \$30,000 estate to a dog named "Pet." In 1944, "Pet" died, and in accordance with the provisions of the will, the estate was turned over to an animal protection society. Two cousins of the dog's owner contested the legality of the document but the court held for the defendant.

In two other cases which involved court action, a dog and a cat were ruled to have a right to live despite clauses in wills to the contrary. "Gypsy" was an Oakland, California, cocker spaniel, which, but for the intervention of a judge, would have been put to death. The cat, named "Caesar," also would have been executed if his owner's will had been carried out to the letter. The judge, in the latter case, directed that both the animal and the \$100 bequeathed for burial be turned over to the Humane Society.

"Jack" was a Detroit fox terrier which doubtless didn't realize—or even care—that one day he had \$25,000 and the following day, nothing. His owner had left his entire estate to the dog, but the will was ruled to be invalid since only one of the witnesses was present at the time of signing.

Most bequests to animals are granted because of their companionship, the ingratitude of the testator's relatives, or for some other reason. In the case of "Ace," a 12-year-old fox terrier, however, a \$2,000 trust fund was set up for the animal for the simple reason that he had saved his master's life on some previous occasion.

As to strange requests in wills, a 73-year-old London lady named her cat as beneficiary of a \$6,000 estate, with the provision that the feline not have kittens. In such an event, the cat would become penniless and the estate would go to fifteen legatees, all relatives of the testatrix.

Another odd provision was found in the will of a Philadelphia lady who left a trust fund for her dog, "Boots," asking that upon his death he be buried by the side of her cat, "Babe."

Other animals are named in wills, too, as witness the case of the Oklahoma mule which received 27 acres of pasture land, an attendant, and \$2,000 in cash.

A New York lady left a \$12,000 fund for the care of two horses. The animals were bequeathed to the Lawyers Trust Company, with the request that they not be given away, sold, nor used for commercial purposes.

Also in New York State, in 1936, a will was admitted to probate 18 years after the death of the testatrix. It contained the request that her horse and phaeton go to her husband and that they never be sold nor given away.

All in all, it seems that folks like to provide for their pets after they die just as they did in life. Maybe it's comforting to them to know that their dogs and cats won't contest the will or that they won't fight among themselves over the inheritance.

October 1947

# "Being of Sound Mind"

*by S. V. Brents, Jr.*



International News Photo

Out in San Pedro, California, Mrs. Mary Ann Hugoboom is swamped by some of her mother's dogs, who are to be provided for by the will left by her mother, Mrs. Mary Bumbul. The mother left her \$15,000 estate to her daughter with the understanding that the ten stray dogs she had been caring for would not be abandoned or sent to the pound.

## When Animals Were Cash

**D**'JEVER spend a goat? Or a sheep? Or a cow? Maybe not—but your ancestors did. Long before money as we know it came into general use, animals set the standard of value in most parts of the world.

Even when metal replaced cattle as a medium of exchange, the early coins were simply handy tokens, used in place of the animals. Lumps of metal were flattened, stamped with a picture and named and then traded for goods equal to the hog, bull or other creature so represented.

The "kesitah," a piece of money mentioned in the Bible, was worth a lamb, while the ancient "pecunia," worth a sheep, has come down to us as the base for our word "pecuniary."

That cattle were still regarded as cash in old England is apparent in the origin of the word "blackmail." British landowners paid "blackmail" as a matter of course—forfeits of valuable black cattle to thieves to guarantee immunity. The "mail" is old Scotch for "tribute."

Likewise, the payment of a "fee" meant, in the original Anglo-Saxon, the payment of "cattle" or "wealth."

In some sections of the modern world, cattle still set the standard of value. The nomadic Mongols, for example, reckon wealth by their herds of camels, goats and other stock.

—Ida M. Pardue



## Even Dogs Are Confused

**T**HE American public has known for some time that the cost of living is high, particularly where food is concerned, but the K-9 corps is now waking up to this fact and also to certain existing shortages, it seems.

Take for instance the case of a certain seven-months-old dog in Ogden, Utah, who had been a very, very dependable newspaper carrier until recently, it was regularly observed.

The puppy, owned by Clair Johnson of that city, for four months had faithfully dog-trotted down the street, one-half block away, picked up the daily newspaper, and hurried back to the Johnsons. Then he changed.

It appears that of late, the newspapers have been buried under the "cold, cold ground" by the canine, thinking perhaps that they were bones—for they have been hard to get. High, too!

The regular carrier now has been called back into making delivery of the paper, pending the reform of the confused household pet, or until the bone supply is again more plentiful.

—Daisy G. Roberts

# Paddy Goes to Church

By MARGARET M. PRESTON

**B**ESIDES the animals usually kept for pets, my family made friends with the farm animals, too. My father, who moved to the country after his marriage, treated his farm animals as he would have a favorite dog, to the scornful amusement of his country neighbors.

He never learned to milk the cow but she was his devoted companion and followed him about his work like a lumbering shadow. He dubbed her "Paddy" and gave her a daily treat of bread and molasses. She would chew this slowly, her liquid brown eyes dreaming into the distance, like a lovelorn schoolgirl lost in thoughts of her hero.

Paddy went everywhere with him and the two were a familiar sight on the road. Neighbors who had to walk rough pastures through to milk their cows began to envy the "mad Englishman" with his cow at his heels. Several times, when she was left behind, Paddy managed to get out through gates supposed to be locked, but she was clever enough not to let anyone see her at the trick.

Good Friday afternoon there was a special service in our church so we three dressed in our best and departed, leaving Paddy gazing after us wistfully from the other side of a carefully locked gate. We climbed the hill, fastening the church gate carefully after us, walked up the hilly path and up the three steps to the porch. It was a beautiful day and everyone who could walk was there.

The service began and my father knelt devout as any saint. The church was hushed, even the birds seemed reverentially silent as the solemn voice of the celebrant and unaccompanied chant of the choir rang out. Then in the midst of a hush, magnified greatly by the acoustics of the high-ceilinged porch, came a resonant "Moo!"

Rudely roused from his devotions my father disappeared hurriedly from a church suddenly alive with rustlings, to see in the doorway a familiar brown face gazing about the dark church in search of her master. Paddy had come to church, too!

Winter came that year with bitter suddenness and Paddy's home was not yet ready, so Paddy was sneaked into the cellar, large enough for ten cows, to my mother's horror, when she heard familiar tones from under her feet one evening. What would the neighbors say, she demanded of my grinning father, of people who kept cows in the cellar? To which my father firmly replied that he was not going to let poor Paddy freeze to death until her barn was ready.

Part of my father's loveliness was due to the fact that his own mother had died when he was very small and he had suffered from the ministrations of two stepmothers. So he had to wait until he was married and had a home and family of his own to enjoy the small-boy pleasure of bringing home stray dogs and cows!

## Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

### Feathered Big Shot

If you go hiking in the woods,  
Where this cute fellow flies,  
You'll hear the unexpected, and  
You'll get a real surprise.

He's called the riflebird, you see,  
And he can make things hot,  
Because the sound he throws at you  
Is like a rifle shot!





## Close the Door, "Susie"!

By IRMA OEFELEIN

**W**E all know about the thoughtless guest who stands in the doorway slowly making his farewells and letting in the cold air. The Steidingers of Fairbury, Illinois, do not have this problem because they are the fortunate possessors of "Susie," the dog that always closes the door.

Susie is a German Shepherd dog about two and one half years old. She is guardian and beloved pet of the Steidinger Service Station. At the age of five months, Susie began to close doors. Now she will close them on command or of her own free will. In winter Susie is very diligent about her job because she dislikes drafts. She closes the doors from the outside or inside. One winter day a customer thoughtlessly stood talking and holding the door open. Susie closed the door. The customer continued talking and opened the door again. Susie promptly closed it again.

Susie is the pet of the neighborhood, especially of the children. One small boy never misses bringing her a bone after school. Like all Shepherds, Susie is strong on loyalty. Dick Steidinger, the son of the owner of the service station, always takes Susie in the truck with him. If the truck is still out toward evening, Susie begins to grow restless. She feels that it is her duty to be back at the shop standing her post as watch dog. Susie has all the qualities of a good watch dog and the extra quality of closing all doors that might have been carelessly left open.



"Susie" carefully closes the door.

October 1947



These mascots, "Nippy," the cat, "Gizfoo," her kitten, and "Gizmo," a baby raccoon, know that dogs are not the only pets for which Marines have a tender feeling. They live happily together in an orange crate in their unit's mess hall. A Marine instructor found "Gizmo" in one of the drill areas while his platoon was practicing extended order drill. The mother cat took to the 'coon as soon as he was put with her, and has shown no favoritism at meal time.

## Marine Mascots Reign

By PFC. WALTER J. SCHOEN

**I**T matters not whether it is to the accompaniment of a blustering, cold wind in the Aleutians, the tropical skies of Honolulu, the biting fog of London, or here at home, for, wherever Marines are stationed, you'll find Leathernecks with their pets. This is particularly true of the Marine Recruit Depot, at Parris Island, S. C.

These Leatherneck pets reign with the regal splendor of a proud monarch, with their loyal "subjects" vying one with another for their favor. For here, on this Marine establishment located off the South Carolina coast, midway between Charleston, S. C. and Savannah, Ga., the fledgling Marine Recruit finds the loss of the companionship of the dog back home eased by the understanding lick of his hand by his unit's mascot.

But even the veteran Marine at Parris Island has a tender feeling for pets. He can recall vividly how he and many of his buddies owe their lives to a canine friend on the field of battle. Perhaps, he remembers "Red," a Doberman Pinscher, on Okinawa, who routed an enemy machine gun nest and saved the lives of two dozen Marines; or maybe, it was "Rollo," with the Marine Raiders on Bougainville, who was the first war dog killed in action in the Pacific.

Whether the Marine or his pet came first is a well-discussed topic that has baffled the experts as much as the question on the chicken and the egg. One thing, however, seems certain. You'll always find them together, and the situation will be well in hand.

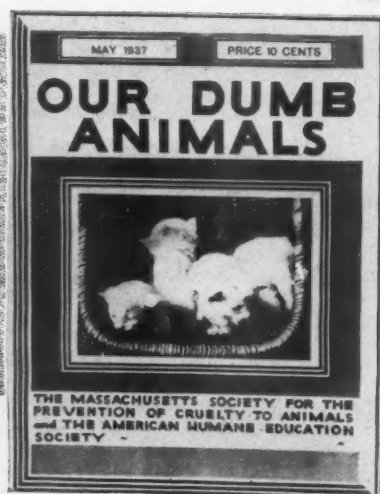
# 80 Years of

1868

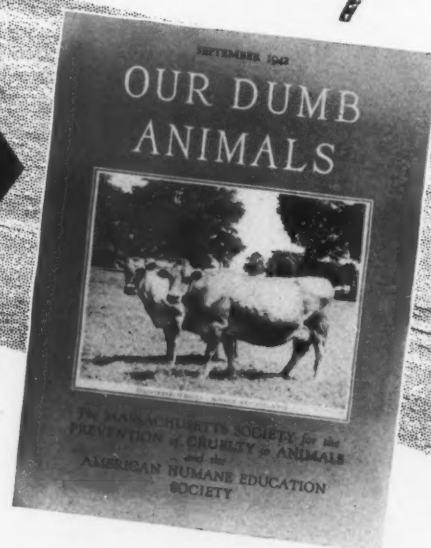


1893

1937



1942



1943

IN its eightieth consecutive year of publication, we feel that we may be justly proud of *Our Dumb Animals* and the fact that it is the oldest, most widely distributed publication of its kind in the world.

We are proud, also, that our magazine has kept abreast of the times and is today as modern as its size and type warrant.

However, though it may have changed its countenance, adding color for eye-appeal, its essential quality and ideals are still the same as always, continuing to preach that wide humanity—a hu-

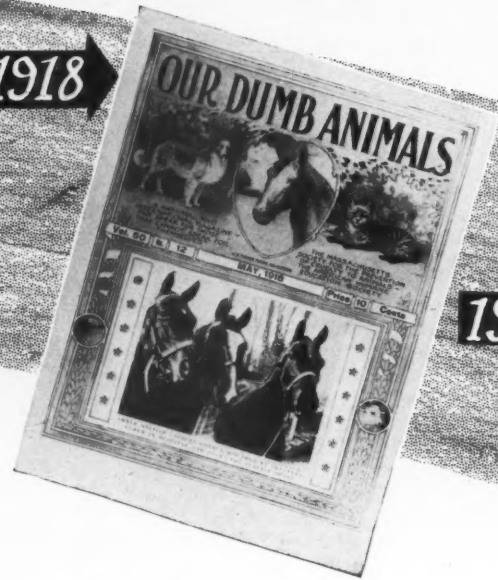
manity that pleads for justice, good will, compassion for all life.

In this pictorial display we have attempted to illustrate, from the very first issue to one of the most recent, the changes that have been made on the covers over the eighty years. We hope it will have valuable historical significance to the humane movement as a whole and to the many humanitarians and animal protective organizations that *Our Dumb Animals* has so long served.

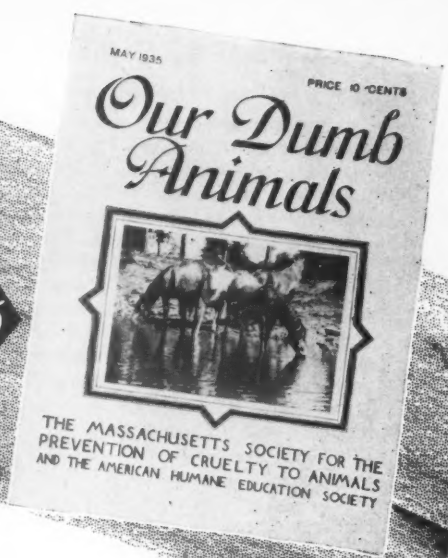
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1918

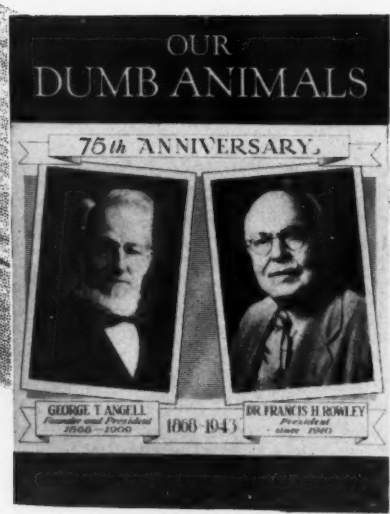


1935

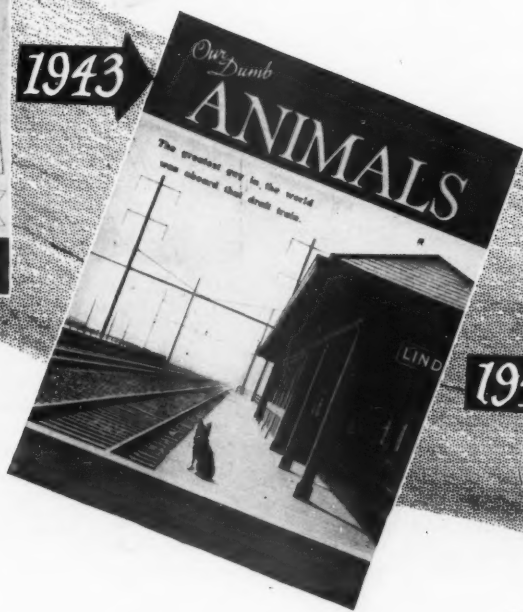


# Our dumb Animals

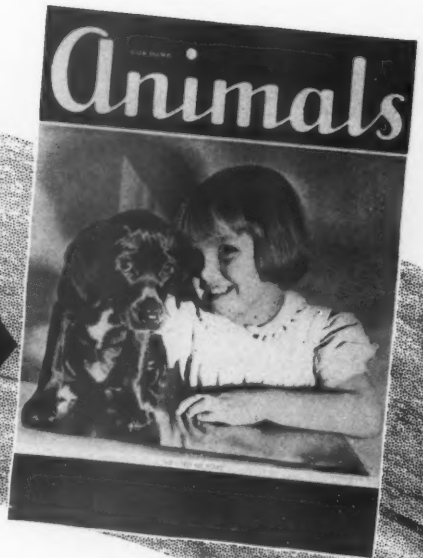
43



1943



1947





## William E. Putnam

IT is with sincere regret that we announce to the readers of our magazine and to the members of our two organizations the death on August 4, of William E. Putnam, a prominent Boston architect, and for thirty years one of our most faithful and devoted Directors. Mr. Putnam was a scion of one of Boston's fine, old families; a graduate of Harvard College, having also received the Degree of Bachelor of Science from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was also a member of the American, Massachusetts and Boston Societies of Architects, and a former member of the Union Club, the Brookline Country Club, the Harvard Club and the Harvard Faculty Club.

Our two Societies probably never had a more faithful Director, for he almost never missed a meeting of the Board, bringing with him, not only to that meeting but to every gathering where he appeared and to his many friends, a personality that greatly endeared him to all who knew him. He met you always with a gracious smile and a word of good cheer.

It was he, as a member of the firm of Putnam and Cox, leading Boston architects, who designed our Angell Memorial Hospital and our Springfield Hospital, and who had been our consultant through the years whenever any change had been made regarding our veterinary hospital work.

Mr. Putnam had been, for years, a warm, personal friend of mine. Indeed, it was while I was a clergyman in Fall River that I performed the marriage ceremony between Mr. Putnam and Miss Helen Preston Haughwout—Miss Haughwout being the daughter of one of my most intimate, personal friends.

Besides his widow he leaves a son and two sisters, Miss Florence N. Putnam and Mrs. Mary P. McDowell, both of Brookline, to whom we extend our warmest, personal sympathy in these, for them, dark and sorrowful days.

—Dr. Francis H. Rowley

## Insures Gander

SOME men take dogs for pets, a few take cats, but Harry Brown, of New York, will take a gander. A male goose, that is.

"Snapper," now 10 years old, is such a friend maker for Brown's poultry market that an insurance company will pay Brown \$100 if Snapper commits suicide or is lost through "war, invasion, rebellion, insurrection, seizure or abduction."

The gander loves children, but he hates the telephone, the color blue, all uniforms and the Scotsman next door.

## Fondouk Elects

PRESIDENT Eric H. Hansen was elected Secretary of the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee to succeed Charles A. Williams, who was made Secretary Emeritus at a recent meeting of the Committee held in New York.

The Fondouk in Fez, Morocco, supported largely by American funds, does a tremendous work in protecting native animals from cruelty and neglect. During the past year, 694 animals were hospitalized; 21 were put to sleep as incurable; 1,731 were treated at the clinic and 8,031 were treated by agents who made 7,153 visits to native stables adjoining Fez. During these visits 80,045 animals were inspected.

The budget for the year was approximately \$7,000, but due to increased operating expense a much larger budget will be required for 1947.

The Committee also appropriated more than \$2,000 for repairs and maintenance at the Fondouk and \$2,000 for the purchase of a new automobile ambulance to replace the one given a number of years ago by Mrs. M. D. Ravenscroft. The latter car has done valiant service but has reached the point where it can no longer be successfully repaired. Dr. Hansen is in charge of purchasing and shipping the new car.

Inasmuch as this is the only organization for animal protection flying the American flag outside the United States, *Our Dumb Animals* has had a great interest in maintaining it. No salaries are paid to anyone in the United States and all money collected is used in Fez.

The other officers elected for 1947 are:

Honorary President, His Excellency Si El Fatmi Ben Slimane

President Emeritus, Dr. Francis H. Rowley

President, Sydney H. Coleman

Vice-President, Mrs. Cortlandt F. Bishop

Treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Lyon



Saddle inspection at Fez.

## "Tower of Strength"

IN connection with the retirement of Mr. Richard C. Craven, who since 1939 has worked in Hollywood to alleviate cruelty to animals in the making of motion pictures, we take pleasure in printing the following letter received by Mr. Craven from Mr. Joseph I. Breen, Vice-President and Director, Production Code Administration, Motion Picture Association of America, Inc.

The letter is as follows:

"Dear Mr. Craven:

"Your May 22nd letter, carrying the bad news that you are retiring, reached me while I was ill in Hollywood Hospital. I am well on the mend now and able to sit up and take note of things. My first word is to you.

"I do not have to tell you how deeply I regret your retiring from the magnificent work you have been doing for several years in the interest of The American Humane Association, and of this industry, in the proper treatment of animals in motion pictures.

"You have been a tower of strength to all of us; you have been most helpful and considerate, and I want you to know that, so far as this office is concerned, we are profoundly grateful to you.

"Somewhere, sometime, someone should rear a monument to your work that would reach up to the stars."



## Mutt with a Mind

HE was just a little black and tan mongrel of no particular lineage and not even fully grown. His master, who was boarding and rooming with us while he built his house on the acres adjoining us, kept telling me how smart he was but I paid small heed, as he was an old bachelor and this dog was the sole object of his affections.

Came washday and I had so many clothes the line would not hold them all so I hung the stockings through the meshes of the hogwire fence around the garden. When I took the other clothes in they were not dry. I left them, telling my husband it would not hurt them to remain out all night.

In the night a rather stiff wind began to blow and my husband mentioned the hose to me. I said, "As thick as the grass is under that fence they won't get dirty if they do blow off." Just then it began to rain very hard.

Next morning when I got up, every stocking was in a neat pile right up against the kitchen door and they were not even wet, so we knew the dog had collected them before the rain began.

After that I did not doubt the tales he told of the puppy's cleverness.

—L. D. Painter

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Miss Olive Smith, member of workshop faculty and Director of Humane Education for our Society, leads a class of Georgia teachers through the problems of guiding children in kindness and understanding. In the group are Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Society Field Worker, and her daughter.

# Humane Education

*Teachers learn how to present subject at summer workshop*

**D**URING the first part of the summer, Oglethorpe University, in Atlanta, Georgia, conducted an educational workshop which attracted teachers from all parts of Georgia—from rural as well as urban schools. It dealt with the community school in a realistic way and showed teachers the part that a school can and should play in the building of its community.

Miss Olive Smith, Director of Humane Education for our American Humane Education Society, was a member of the faculty and dealt specifically with the problem of teaching Humane Education as a means of making the community school an instrument for social sensitivity and respect for human personality, the final aim of the work of all humane societies. In this manner, Humane Education was brought to the attention of over one hundred Georgia teachers. A warm, pleasant, friendly atmosphere prevailed, which encouraged mutual helpfulness in meeting common problems.

Students were asked to submit practical ways by means of which they planned to introduce or expand humane emphasis into their own teaching situations for the coming school year. This served as an analysis and evaluation of their achievements and the value obtained from the course in Humane Education. Several of these follow:

Within the past year there has been passed in Atlanta a law forbidding dogs to run free. Since many children have dogs as pets and these animals have had unlimited freedom heretofore, many of them

are going to be most unhappy unless they are cared for properly.

I believe it is expedient to introduce into the child's experiences the opportunity to study the best methods of caring for animals that must be so confined—the necessity of a well-balanced diet, clean sleeping quarters, bodily cleanliness, how the animal may be exercised, the proper way to walk a dog on leash and many other problems that might arise from such a study.

I will teach the second grade in an Atlanta school and I believe this problem will be one for which the children can really see a need and on which they can work.

I am planning to let the class organize itself, elect its officers, select a name and a slogan. Then I hope to use S. P. C. A. for the name of the society, the letters in this case standing for—So Pets Can Abide.

From this beginning we will take up the study of home pets, field and woodland animals and insects. In each division we shall study the habits, food and proper care for each animal. In connection with this study we shall use our own books, which the children will contribute, thus having an animal library of our own.

I am planning a "Science Center" now that I have a better understanding of how to teach about insects and animals and the humane treatment that should be given to them.

We will have a growing museum, accumulate more scientific knowledge that will be simple and practical, enabling primary children to make and read original stories and booklets with illustrative drawings.

We already have a "Curio Corner" in the room and plan to have an aquarium, a terrarium, and a place for pets to be brought to provide learning experiences.

I shall certainly try to instill in my pupils a love for an humane treatment of all living things.



Another workshop group composed of teachers from all parts of Georgia.



Workshop Staff: Dr. Maurice L. Smith, Prof. Don West, Mr. George McCord, Dr. Philip Weltner, Miss Olive Smith.



"Andy" and "Sapphire Petunia," owned by Mrs. Hannah Bible Curtis (center), entertain during recess.

## Exhibit in Springfield

THE little old red schoolhouse at Storowton will come into its own again and its ancient bell will peal forth as of yore when the Springfield Branch of the Mass. S. P. C. A. takes over this antiquated seat of learning during the first postwar show of the Eastern States Exposition, from September 14 to 20, to demonstrate its humane work. Young and old will gather to absorb, through effective demonstration, the tenets of humane education.

The entire schoolhouse will be used by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. throughout the Exposition Week. The main feature of the unusual exhibit will be a demonstration and display of an S.P.C.A. educational program, as taught in the Springfield schools. This will include a puppet show, a display of prize posters made by school children, stereopticon slides and a display of educational literature.

Miss Dorothea Clark, former science teacher in the Springfield schools and now engaged in S. P. C. A. educational work in the local schools, will represent the colonial and educational era of the little old red schoolhouse, by appearing in a charming old costume. J. Robert Smith, District Manager, and Charlena Kibbe, Public Relations Director, will also be in attendance to welcome the visitors and discuss the educational work of the Society.

One section of the schoolhouse will be devoted to the Hospital side of the Society's work, with exhibits designed to familiarize the public with its activities in animal relief work. Dr. Alexander R. Evans, Chief of Staff, will be in charge of the exhibit, assisted by Dr. Lucian H. Scamman and Dr. Robert L. Leighton, and other staff members.

Shown in the Hospital exhibit will be a collection of foreign bodies which have been removed from animals, surgically or with the use of the gastroscope; surgical equipment; X-ray plates shown with view box; oxygen tent for animals, and enlarged photographs of Hospital activities.

John T. Brown, investigating officer for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin counties, will be in charge of the exhibit showing the extensive program carried on for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Radio and press have been invaluable in furthering interest in animal welfare, and the appreciation of the Society will be shown in an exhibit dedicated to these mediums of advancement.



Miss Dorothea Clark entertains a group of children with nature stories, instructing them on understanding and kindness.

# Society News

## Springfield Area



Boys commended for kindness.

## Rescue of a Cat

RESCUE of a cat from a 25-foot well by Armond Lemnah, 10 years old, of 123 Westminster Street, and Donald Emmet, 12 years old, of 147 Westminster Street, Springfield, was recognized by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when John T. Brown, investigating agent for the Society, expressed the appreciation of the Society and presented each with a subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*.

The boys were passing an abandoned house when they heard cries of a cat coming from the basement. They investigated and discovered a cat at the bottom of a 25-foot dry well. The Springfield S. P. C. A. was notified and Mr. Brown rescued the cat with a noose. The animal had evidently been in the well for a number of days, as it was weak and thin and suffered from an injured leg.



## Lessons in Kindness

TO Miss Dorothea Clark goes the credit, in a large measure, for the outstanding program of Humane Education existent in the schools of Springfield. Although retired and handicapped through loss of her sight, Miss Clark has never ceased in her efforts to teach the children of Springfield's elementary and junior high schools the value of obtaining a thorough understanding of the activities, purposes and needs of all living creatures, and through this to exercise tolerance toward all humanity.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



# s and Service

## Boston Area



The pause that refreshes.

### Horse Watering

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has again opened watering stations for horses throughout the city, as has been its custom for many years, in an effort to alleviate the suffering of horses during the hot weather. At India Station, Dorothy Murphy offers a refreshing drink to a thirsty horse.



### Heat Exhaustion

A REPORT was received that a horse was stopped by the police, because of exhaustion and bleeding. Our agent found a chestnut gelding in fair flesh, apparently suffering from heat exhaustion. Both knees were skinned. The horse was ordered laid up for a few days' rest.



### Calendar Notice

WE REGRET that we shall not be able to put out a calendar this year, because of increased costs. The demand for the calendars in the past two years has been all that we could wish, but to put out the type of calendar we would like to this year would cost more than we would feel justified in charging for it.

October 1947

### Injuring a Dog

OUR attention was called to the abuse of a dog. When the defendant entered his home one night his four-month-old mongrel puppy followed him up the stairs. This so enraged the man that he chased it to the second-floor piazza, struck it over the head several times with a milk bottle, and then threw it over the railing, 15 feet to the ground. The police were called in. The man was locked up and our Society was brought into the case. The puppy was taken to a doctor, where it was found that six stitches were required to close a gash in its scalp. The man first told our officer that he had injured his hand while working about the house. Later he tried to change his story to say that the puppy had bitten him. At his request, the dog was put in quarantine and later put to sleep.

The man was brought to trial and was fined \$100.00. He has appealed, but it is hoped that the Superior Court will uphold the finding of the lower court in so flagrant a case of cruelty.

### Three Court Cases

CALLLED to investigate a complaint that a dog had been injured, our agent found that a man had thrown a large rock at a dog which got inside his fence, fracturing the animal's skull. The dog lay there suffering until a neighbor called for our ambulance to come and take it away. It was necessary to put the animal to sleep. The accused man said that he did not care what happened to the dog so long as he got rid of it. The agent, therefore, took out a complaint. The defendant pleaded not guilty, but he was tried, found guilty and fined \$50.

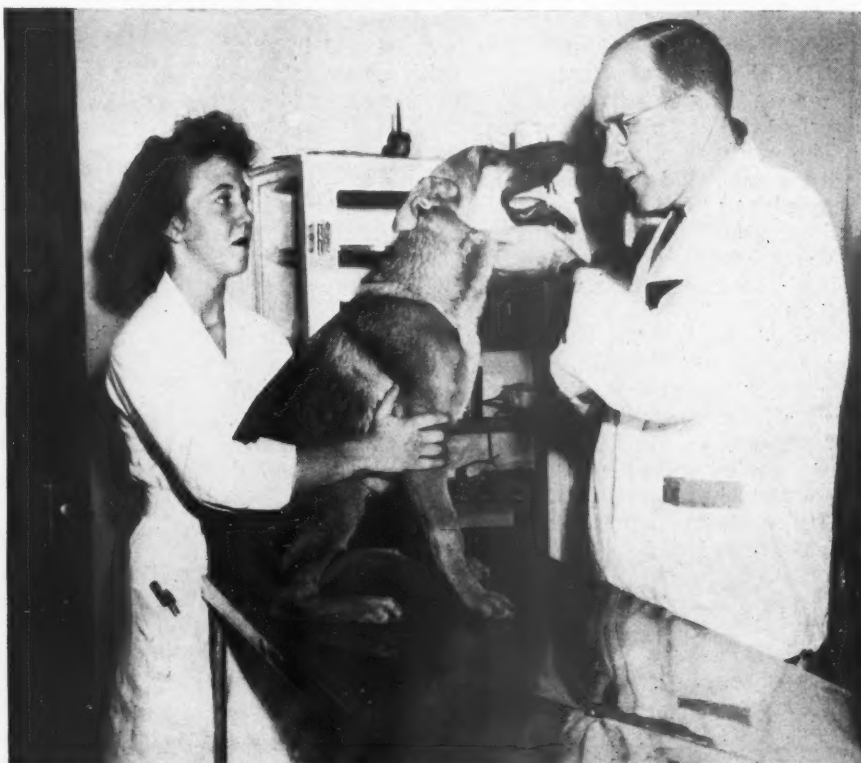
In another instance a man shot his neighbor's dog because it was on his property. The dog died from wounds. The defendant pleaded guilty and was fined \$20.

On receiving a report that a family had moved away and abandoned their dog, a complaint was issued and the defendant brought into Court. On the defendant's lawyer admitting guilt, the case was filed and the defendant ordered to pay costs. The dog was turned over to our Society.



### Kindness Week

BE Kind to Animals Week will be celebrated this year later than usual. The dates are May 3 to 8, with Humane Sunday, May 9.



Dr. Jones' patient seems to be enjoying having his throat examined. Nurse Annette Perkins is assisting.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## By Boys and Girls

**N**OW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

### A Family Lives in School

**O**NE morning we came in to school and found two new playmates. Miss Manchester had brought the two guinea pigs we had decided to get.

The children suggested many names. From all the names, "Snowball" and "Frisky" were chosen.

Every day we fed them niblets, carrots and lettuce. We fed them left-over greens from the grocery stores. When we had our milk we gave them some too. They also had to have plenty of water.

The pen was cleaned and fresh sawdust laid down twice a week. This kept the animals clean and healthy. They played "follow-the-leader" through the sawdust and over the boxes we put in the pen.

We weighed them on a mail scale every Friday. They gained about an ounce a week. They didn't grow much in length.

One day we had the guinea pigs walk through black water paint and glycerin. Then we coaxed them with a carrot so that they walked across a white paper and we could see what kind of footprints they made.

Every time we sang, they joined in the chorus. Mostly they squealed and squealed. Sometimes Frisky sounded like a motorboat.

One morning, some time later, we heard many squeals. Snowball had had two fuzzy babies. We were surprised to see that they had their fur and their eyes were open. They were even running around the pen. We weighed them and found they weighed an ounce and a half each.

Once more that year we had baby guinea pigs. Snowball became a grandmother and Frisky, a grandfather.

**NOTE:** This story was written by a third-grade class in the Hyde School in Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, and the picture was taken in the school.



Father, mother and babies in school.

### A Frisky Kitten

By Geraldine Dowhanczuk (Age 10)

*I have a little kitten;  
He's as frisky as can be.  
He likes to play with all my dolls,  
That sit so quietly.*

*And every night I go to bed,  
The lights are all turned out.  
Kitty climbs in bed with me  
And doesn't run about.*

### My Animals

By Shirley Hughes (Age 11)

**I** HAVE had many animals in my 11 years. I loved them all very much. Best of all I liked my two first pets. One was a dog, who is now dead. His name was "Pal," and he saved my life when I was small. He lived to be twelve and a half years old and died when I was nine and a half.

The other animal was a bird, who is still alive and a good old age of thirteen years. His name is "Phil," and we nicknamed him "Dick." Every child should have an animal, cause they are lots of fun.

**OUR DUMB ANIMALS**

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Bird Puzzle

By Marianne Ketchum

1. Find the words in House Wren which mean (1) you and me, (2) employ, (3) fasten with thread and needle.

2. In Golden-crowned Kinglet the words that mean (1) aged, (2) metal, (3) cave or lair of a beast, (4) line, (5) have, (6) boy's nickname, (7) another boy's nickname, (8) inside, (9) prince's father, (10) allow.

3. Find the words in Baltimore Oriole that mean (1) boy's nickname, (2) not less, (3) word used with either, (4) metal as found in the earth, (5) rest of de Janeiro in South America.

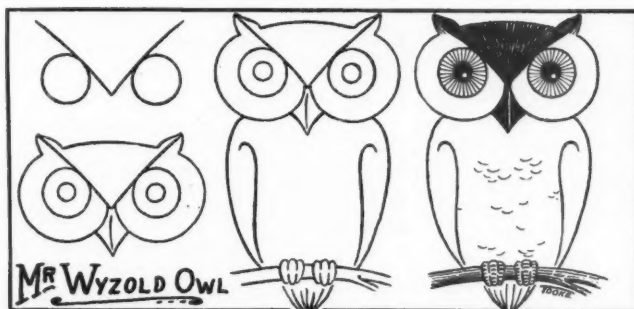
4. In Boat-tailed Grackle the words that mean (1) grain, (2) caudal or rear appendage of some animals, (3) be ill, (4) conducted, (5) frame upon which articles are arranged.

ANSWERS: 1. (1) Us, (2) use, (3) sew.

2. (1) Old, (2) gold, (3) den, (4) row, (5) own, (6) Ed, (7) Ned, (8) in, (9) king, (10) let.

3. (1) Tim, (2) more, (3) or, (4) ore, (5) Rio.

4. (1) Oat, (2) tail, (3) ail, (4) led, (5) rack.



## Draw a Hallowe'en Owl

By Alfred I. Tooke

To start, you make a letter V  
Between two circles, as you see.

It's easy then to put in place  
The other lines to make his face.

Next add his body, tail and feet,  
Also a perch, as shown, complete.

Add feathers, shade feet, head and eyes,  
And there is Mr. Owl, so wise.

October 1947



Little Frances Courtney all ready for Hallowe'en, with her great big pumpkin and her shiny black cat.

## Hallowe'en Fun

ARE you going to have a party on Hallowe'en Eve, or will you be going to a party? There are all sorts of magic spells to be woven. Perhaps a witch will tell fortunes, or, if not, you may have written fortunes, attached to ribbons, in an old black iron pot. Each guest pulls a ribbon and a fortune comes out. And you will bob for apples, or try to eat an apple on the end of a string, without touching it with your hands, or peel an apple, toss the skin over your shoulder and, if carefully peeled and tossed, it will form the first initial of your fate. There are many games to be played to fit the occasion, and a candy pull can be lots of fun. Put on your thinking caps and make plans now for the witching hour.

## Word Building

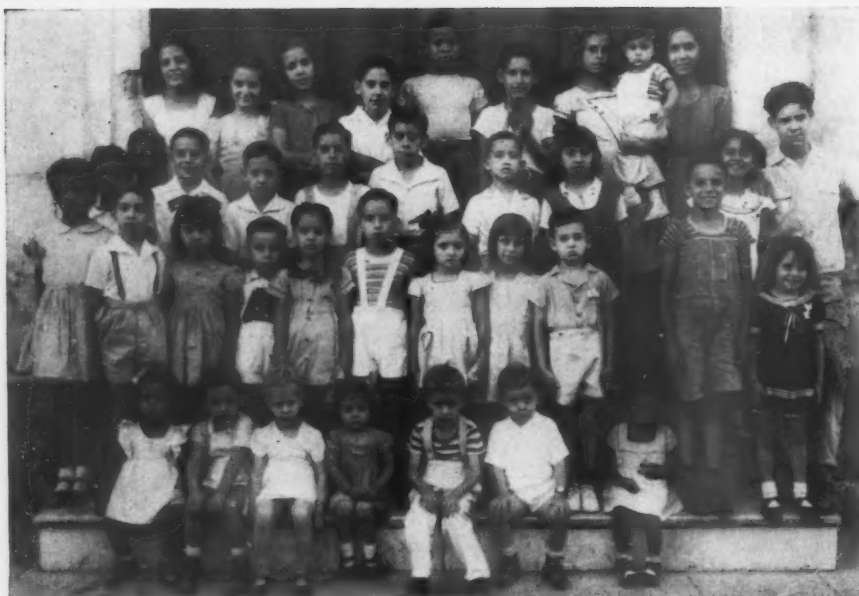
By Violet M. Roberts

BY taking away one letter, then rearranging the remaining letters, each of the following words becomes the name of a well-known animal.

- |           |          |
|-----------|----------|
| 1. Acts   | 6. Leak  |
| 2. Flows  | 7. Break |
| 3. Amble  | 8. Goad  |
| 4. Hoarse | 9. Reeds |
| 5. Crow   | 10. Grip |

(ANSWERS: (1) cat, (2) wolf, (3) lamb, (4) horse, (5) cow, (6) elk, (7) bear, (8) dog, (9) deer, (10) pig).





Band of Mercy group on the steps of the Cathedral, after visiting the home of the cat and the kittens, which were rescued by the boy on the right of the picture, standing behind the little girl in the sailor suit.

## Humane Work in Cuba

**I**N a letter which Dr. Rowley recently received from Electa Fe De La Pena, of Matanzas, Cuba, she told of her work among the people of that country. As a teacher of English for almost forty-seven years, she has reached many pupils, young and old, white, Chinese, and colored, and in all these years she has woven into her teaching, humane education, using material gathered from *Our Dumb Animals* and from literature which we have sent her from time to time. Her pupils have scattered all over the Island and so have carried with them her humane teachings. One is now an announcer on a local radio station, and

during Be Kind to Animals Week, on her station and also on the only other on the Island, special broadcasts suitable to the Week were presented each day. The best Cuban magazine, *Bohemia*, carried a picture of a pet dog and cat on the cover, and the words "Semana de Bondad hacia los Animales"; while the newspaper *El Mundo* offered a special story about Dr. Jose Sergio Velazquez, head consulting lawyer of the Civil Service Department of Cuba, and presented a picture of Dr. Velazquez and his dog.

The accompanying picture shows a group of children gathered to do honor to a twelve-year-old boy who had found an abandoned mother cat with kittens. He had built a house for them with loose bricks and each day took food and milk to the cat. Mrs. Fe De La Pena invited the children to go with her to visit the little house and view the cat and kittens. The photograph was taken on the steps of the Cathedral. Each child received a print of the photograph, while the boy who had befriended the cat also was presented with boxes of candies and cakes.



Dr. Jose Sergio Velazquez and his dog.

### Urgent Need!

**W**E are urgently in need of old newspapers and will appreciate gifts of discarded papers, no matter how small the quantity.

These are placed in the cages to aid in rendering the utmost care and comfort to sick and injured pets during their period of hospitalization.

## Your Dog Betrays You

By GEORGE S. LOOKABAUGH

**R**OMAIN Rolland once stated: "A domestic animal will become good or bad, frank or sly, sensitive or stupid, not only according to what its master teaches it, but according to what its master is."

I have taken special note to see if that quotation bore any significance, and it does. I have found that it applies mostly to dogs.

There used to be a spotted fox terrier that roamed our neighborhood. It paid little attention to other dogs, and if whistled at by a person, would continue trotting down the street as though it never heard the whistle. It attended strictly to its own business and, likewise, wanted to be left alone.

I looked for the dog's owner, and little to my surprise found him to be the little-known miser in our town. This miser trusted nobody, and wanted to be left alone. He had unconsciously trained his dog's character to parallel his own.

The friendly collie dog who is always ready for a romp with anyone, and is especially gentle toward children, belongs to a grand old lady in our neighborhood. She is helpful and friendly to everyone.

Then, too, we have a nuisance in our neighborhood in the form of a beagle hound. He chases chickens, sends cats scampering up trees, and spends most of the night just barking at nothing. Yes, you might have suspected, the beagle belongs to the play boy living next door.

### OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 1:00 P.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 10:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday at 9:35 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

## HUMANE LITERATURE

For Sale by the **AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**  
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